

BLESSED BY THE BREAK

A Journey from Heartbreak to Healing

By

Wilna Rutendo Kusare

"They say heartbreak can leave you empty, but sometimes it creates space for healing, purpose, and becoming."

They say heartbreaks can leave you empty. Like someone walked into your life, packed up all your joy, your plans, your best friend, and left you with bare walls and echoes. But mine created space. Because when he left, he took three lies with him - and three blessings moved in. This is for the girl in her twenties. You can't escape the twenties but you can't walk this path alone.

The worst thing he ever did was leave me alone with myself because that's when I met her-the version of myself who found her purpose and determination. I found my superpower on my pillow when I was crying over texts he read but never answered. To the girl crying today because he chose someone else: Congratulations. You just drafted into your power era. It starts ugly. Here's how mine started.

CHAPTER 1

THE FLOOR

I was in my mid-twenties when I met the guy whom I considered the man of my dreams. It's funny how we didn't start on a good note but we ended up being best friends. From then we never stopped talking until everything changed when he just went silent for two weeks only to come back with news that changed everything. Those were the hardest two weeks I ever had to endure my whole life.

From that day onwards, "The Floor" journey started. I cried countless times, looking at old chats and pictures thinking maybe it was going to be the same again but I was just a girl who was in denial because she loved someone deeply and was not ashamed of it.

Yes the relationship was short, but it felt like home. It was only two and half months but it felt like what I prayed for. So when he left, it didn't feel like losing a boyfriend or a potential future husband. It felt like losing the answer to a prayer I'd been praying since I was 16. It felt like losing the home I'd been building in my head brick by brick since my first heartbreak.

You can spend 5 years with someone and never feel seen. You can spend 2 and a half months with someone and feel like they unlocked a part of you you didn't know even existed. The brain doesn't clock it as 2.5 months. It clocks it as "finally this is what I've been looking for. That's why it hurts like 5 years.

Every song reminded me of him. The chats and pictures only made it worse but that was only the beginning of the determined version of me. I would vent to him that I wasn't okay and I just wanted everything to be back where it was but deep down I knew that version of him that I fell in love with was gone. I experienced a lot of trauma for someone in her mid-twenties still trying to figure out life still.

When we talked it felt like the good old days. I had to keep up with his silent treatment and mood swings because I understood what he was going through at that time, at the expense of my own happiness which is something that most people do. Trying to be there for someone at the expense of your own happiness. It seemed well until he disappeared again.

The only thing I could think of during that time was whether or not he was okay. I was so stressed for him forgetting that I was also not okay with everything that was happening that time. We had a lot of plans and we had made a lot of promises to each other but he broke all of them. He had promised to be there for me always but he wasn't. He had promised that I'll always come first but not anymore. He had promised to treat me like a

queen that I was but that was never going to happen. He had promised to fall with me but those were just words now. We had promised each other that we were going to spend the rest of our lives together but that wasn't possible anymore. Pondering upon all those promises made me cry several times and I even got to the extent of not being able to eat. Little did I know that this was only preparing me for something bigger.

I was having the hardest time and I needed that old version of him back but he wasn't there for me. I would vent in his chat but it was only grey double ticks which only hurts more. Only to realize that his new girlfriend had been using his phone all along. My rawest, most vulnerable messages were entertained for her and my tears became her gossip. That was the moment I chose myself and my happiness because if he really cared for me the same way I cared for him he would've found a way to let me know that he wasn't the one using his phone at the moment but instead he watched me humiliate myself and did nothing.

The worst part wasn't that he was gone. It was how he left-like I didn't deserve a proper ending as if my feelings weren't worth a real conversation. I felt disrespected not because he had moved on but because I was never given the truth while I was still holding on. The question in my mind was: was it ever worth it to him? I wrote several texts that were never sent to him:

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"I didn't get the memo

I had built a home in my heart with your name on the door

You didn't break up with me, you abandoned me and a breakup would've given me something to bury but you buried me alive. You chose silence so I would do the hard work of ending it, so you wouldn't have to look in my face and see the damage you would've caused and I was bleeding out from confusion. That wasn't peace that was violence with the volume down. I was stuck in limbo re-reading old texts like evidence. I was forced to ask are we really done and when you got to stay silent. It was so dehumanizing. A door slammed is final and a door left open makes me wait forever, that's cruel. Come to think of it you were not confused or processing, you were choosing the option with the least consequences for you. You could've texted but you chose not to because pain was easier than your discomfort. You didn't give me the dignity of words. Fine, I give myself the dignity of a decision today. Love without courage is just attachment. You know what I grieved. I cried. I'd miss you some days yes but none of that undoes the fact that I still loved you by then but healing isn't I don't feel it anymore but it's I feel it but I still choose me. I feel it and still call it what it was. I feel it but I'm not going back. I loved you that much but I'm leaving you. I can still miss you but I'm never going to text you. I'm still crying but I deleted the pictures and the chats. That's not

contradiction for me that's maturity. I love you but I've learnt to love myself more. I wasn't weak for loving you even when you had the audacity of leaving me in limbo. I was brave for loving someone who didn't love me back properly. & I'm even more brave now for loving myself more. I love you but I love myself more & my heart is no longer your prison. I'm letting this go not because it stopped hurting but because I stopped letting hurt make my decisions."

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:Can't talk now I'm not okay"

"8 words that would've saved me weeks of emotional damage. 8 words that cost him nothing. 8 words that say "you still matter even in my chaos. You couldn't give me that & to me it means my feelings were an inconvenience to your mess & I wasn't even worth a basic text of consideration. & you know what's worse than being dumped is being abandoned mid conversation while someone else gets the title of "wife". I was let hanging with no explanation, no closure, no humanity. People who care communicate. Even when it's ugly. Even when it's hard. Even if all they can say is "I'm overwhelmed, I'm dealing with something huge. I'm sorry but I can't give you what you deserve right now. I wasn't asking for too much I was asking for basic human decency. You failed the most basic test of character: can you be kind when it's convenient? You couldn't. & as a matter of fact I wasn't dumped I was discarded there's a difference. Silence whilst building a new life and made me the crazy & obsessed one for being hurt. I'm not crazy I wasn't obsessed with you. I'm just responding normally to abnormal disrespect and that's my dignity fighting back. "

29.03.26 [21:00]

" If only you knew the emotional damage that you caused me. It's okay. You'll look for me again but by that time I'll be a whole new person on a different level. I cared about you so much & I loved you with all my heart but to your so called wife you made it seem like I'm forcing myself on you. You know what fuck you. You're not even worth my time and my energy. If I really meant something to you, you wouldn't have disrespected me like that. He fumbled someone who would've rode for him. Now he's married to his consequence I'm married to my peace."

Yes it sounds sad but this was the beginning of a new era for a determined and focused version of myself that ended up writing this book for the girl who's on the floor. This is for the girl who's going through so much right now and trying to get over someone whom they thought was going to be their forever. The floor is proof that you're moving from pain to perspective.

The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit. - Psalms 34:18

PRAYER FOR THE GIRL ON THE FLOOR

Lord right now I feel unseen and unheard. I feel like my tears don't matter and my pain is too much. But you see me here on the floor. You haven't left me in silence. Hold me until I can stand again. Amen.

REFLECTION

Even when he didn't reply, God did. Even when I felt forgotten, I wasn't because God was preparing me for something bigger and greater.

CHAPTER 2

RECLAIMING JOY

"They say heartbreaks can steal your joy but mine taught me that joy isn't rented from men"

Two months passed and I told myself I wasn't going to beg for attention, look desperate, care for someone at the expense of my own happiness. I was renting joy from a man and from a relationship. From his good morning sweetheart texts to the good night texts. When he left the silence was too much at first but it made me listen to myself more. I was used to listening to his voice and reading his messages but now that he was gone I had to listen to my thoughts more. That moment I discovered my purpose and I was determined to work on myself. That was the turning point for me. I had a strong desire to write a book for another girl in her early, mid or late twenties who's trying to navigate the space between a breakup and becoming. This also applies to any lady out there no matter the age, who feels the same.

I used to be so over the moon with the idea of getting married in my twenties but that break made me realize I had a life to build before 30-not just a relationship to maintain . That was my turning point. I had a clearer vision of what I wanted for myself. I wrote down my before 30 goals on my notepad and read them before I sleep and also read them first thing in the morning:Buy my first car. Build my own house. Become a registered legal practitioner. Write the book for the girl on the floor.

For years I was caught up in the idea of spending the rest of my life with my soulmate. Everything about us made sense. We felt like the same person. We liked the same food, we liked the same music, we had similar dreams sometimes and we even said the same things at the same time. For the first time in years, I wasn't planning a future around someone else. I was planning it around me.

The first small joy came when I woke up the other morning and decided to delete the chats. The chats were the last thing connecting us. They were an important part of our relationship because they held our plans our promises and our what ifs. Deleting them felt like betrayal and completely erasing what we had. For weeks I thought deleting them was disloyal. But in that moment I asked myself: if he's comfortable and happy without talking to me why shouldn't I be? The second I pressed delete, I felt peace. Real peace not the forced kind I used to pretend at. That's when I realized I can be happy again and I deserve to be happy again. That was the moment I chose myself and decided to take care of my peace instead of choosing someone at the expense of my own happiness.

The second small joy came when I listened to "our song" and I didn't cry.

For months that song was a landmine. One note I was back on the floor, flooded with memories, flooded with what ifs. I avoided it every single day. But that day, I put it on. On purpose. Not by accident and I just... listened.

No tears. No chest tightening. No urge to text him and say "you remember this?" It was just a song again.

That was the moment I realized the memory didn't have power over me anymore.

It felt like taking something that he'd borrowed from me. Like I was finally free to hum and sing along without the weight of everything we weren't anymore.

Thanks to the break that was a blessing in disguise I found my purpose and I was determined to achieve my before 30 goals. This book is meant to help every girl in her twenties who's trying to navigate the walk between a breakup and becoming. No one skips the twenties. We all walk through the same path. But you don't have to walk it alone.

Weeping may endure for the night but joy comes in the morning-Psalms 30:5

A PRAYER FOR A NEW BEGINNING:

Father I've been renting my Joy from people and relationships. Today I give it back to you. Teach me to find peace in being alone with you. Teach me that my worth was never tied to someone else's attention. I choose me. I choose you. I choose healing. Amen.

REFLECTION

Joy isn't rented. It's restored when we remember who we belong to. If he doesn't choose you, who will you choose to become.

CHAPTER 3

THE SPACE BETWEEN

This is the messy middle, and it's where most people actually live after a breakup. Not healed, not broken, just... in between.

This chapter is about the doubt, the almost-relapses, the small wins that don't feel like wins yet.

The space between heartbreak and healing is where the real work happens. It's not pretty. It's not Instagrammable. It's just you, and your thoughts, and the choice you have to make over and over again._

The days after I deleted the chats weren't magical. I didn't wake up feeling free. I woke up feeling empty. There were mornings I reached for my phone out of habit before I remembered there was nothing to check. No good morning text. No 3am "you up?" message. Just silence. And for a second, my chest would tighten like I'd forgotten how to breathe.

That's the space between.

It's when your mind knows you made the right choice, but your heart hasn't caught up yet.

There were nights I almost typed his name in the search bar. I'd hover over the chat, thumb shaking, thinking _one message won't hurt_. One message would hurt. One message would pull me back to the floor I'd just climbed off.

So I didn't.

I put the phone down and wrote in my notepad instead. _I choose me today. I choose me today. I choose me today._

Three times. Every time I wanted to reach for him.

The space between is also where the small things start to feel big.

The first time I posted myself f and didn't hate that no one reacted with a heart.

The first time I went out with friends and laughed without forcing it.

The first time I looked in the mirror and didn't look away crying.

None of it felt like a breakthrough. It felt like breathing. Normal. But normal was the breakthrough.

I still had days where I missed him and even cried. I still had days where I wondered if he still thinks about us. If he still cared about me or what we had. That's the lie the space between tells you — _maybe it wasn't that bad, maybe you should go back._

But then I'd remember the 25 messages. The grey double ticks. The way my tears became someone else's gossip. And I'd remember why I left the floor. The space between isn't where you stay. It's where you become.*

It's where you learn that healing isn't a straight line. Some days you move forward. Some days you stand still. And some days you take two steps back before you take one forward. All of it counts.

During my "in the space between" phase, I told myself I was not going to be scared of it because I know the girl who walks out of it will be stronger than the girl who fell.

I would recite this prayer on the bad days when I was at my lowest: "God if it's not for me release it. If it's not peaceful I don't want it. I want what's mine and mine only."

And if you're in the space between right now — reading this at 2am, wondering if you'll ever feel whole again — I want you to know this:

_You will.

Not because someone else will come and fix you. But because you've already started choosing yourself. And that's how it begins.

But those who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings like eagles, they shall run and not be weary. They shall walk and not faint. - Isaiah 40:31

PRAYER FOR THE MESSY MIDDLE:

God, I'm not fully healed and I'm not fully broken. I'm just here in the space between. On the days I want to go back, remind me why I left. On the days I feel weak be my strength. On the days I feel nothing, let me know you're working in the silence. Amen.

REFLECTION

The space between isn't empty. It's where you're made new. The night doesn't last forever neither will the pain.

CHAPTER 4

THE EVICTION ~ 3 LIES OUT, 3

BLESSINGS IN

THE EVICTION ~3 Lies Out, 3 Blessings In

The space between can't stay empty. If you don't fill it with truth the old lies will move back in.

For weeks I lived with 3 lies in my head. They felt like facts. They felt like home but they weren't.

THE 3 LIES I EVICTED

1. The lease of my joy

I was renting joy from him. From the relationship. From the I miss you, I love you texts and every update about his day. When he left the lease was up. I realized joy isn't something you rent . It's something you own. I own it now and the deed is in my name now-paid for in tears and depression.

2.The Co-signed future

I thought I couldn't plan without involving him because we used to plan the future together. Forever was the plan. His name was on every dream and goal. When he left I thought that was the end of dreaming but the break showed I was the architect all along. It was only a matter of time before I make it happen because I was too busy focusing on the "forever together". It seemed impossible to plan anything without his name but the break was the beginning.

3.The best friend myth

I thought I wasn't going to be happy without him because he was more like my best friend. You call your best friend when you're not okay. You call your best friend when you had a bad day. You call your best friend when you want to vent. Now who do you call when your best friend breaks your heart? I learned to call myself and she answered. It's like she's been waiting the whole time. Like she's been ready to receive that call and she knew that call was going to happen someday.

THE 3 BLESSINGS THAT CAME IN

1..Determination

After those two months I chose me. Determined version of me kicked in. Not begging. Not looking desperate. Just choosing peace. Determination moved in first because it's the protection. It showed up at 2 am when I wanted to unblock him but I didn't. It showed up when I saw his Facebook posts and closed Facebook instead of watching it 10 times. Some days I failed. Some days I caved but the next morning I chose myself again and again and again. Determination is the wall that keeps the lies from sneaking back in.

2.Vision

Vision moved in second because she let me see beyond the pain. I saw a life before 30 that wasn't only about marriage. I saw me and I liked what I saw. I used to think my twenties were only for love and marriage. I was now seeing myself at 30 standing in my own kitchen, making coffee for one and smiling because it's enough. I saw myself on stage with this book telling the girl on the floor:" You're not broken, You're becoming". Vision was the light that let me see even when I had teary eyes. It made me see what was possible without him.

3.Purpose

She was the last to come in because she needed the most space. You can't build on borrowed ground. When the co-signed future ended, I found my own. Buy my first car. Build my own house. Write this book. I was used to planning life around "us". Around his career. Around his timeline. His dreams. I forgot I had my own. Not "our" goals, mine. Buy my first car-not the one we had planned. Build my own house-not the one with his name on the deed. Become a registered legal practitioner-not the dream I shelved so as to focus on "our" future. Write this book-not the love story we used to have,but the survival story I actually lived.

For years I called myself an aspiring lawyer in whispers, like I needed permission to say it aloud after having my law degree.I thought in order to register as a legal practitioner I had to wait until my relationship was stable, until my finances were stable, until he was stable. The break showed me the truth:I don't need his stability to become stable myself.

The space between isn't empty anymore. It's furnished. Determination as the wall. Vision as the window. Purpose as the foundation. And me, finally at home in it. Walking into the plans God wrote for me before I ever wrote my own.

For I know the plans I have for you declares the Lord,plans to prosper you not to harm you,plans to give you a future and a hope-Jeremiah 29:11

God is within her, she will not fall,God will help her at break of day. - Psalms 46:5

Do not remember the former things, nor consider the things of old. Behold I will do a new thing. Now it shall spring forth. Shall you know it not? I will even make a road in the wilderness and rivers in the desert. - Isaiah 43:18-19

PRAYER

GOD today I hand you the keys to every room I used to rent my joy from. I cancel every lease I signed with emotions and pain that didn't belong to me. Write my name on the deed of my purpose. Not as a co-owner. Not as a partner but as a woman you called me to be-alone, whole and enough.

Teach me to choose me daily. Not out of pride, but out of the truth that I am yours first. And when the old lies knock on my door remind me that I changed the locks. Amen.

REFLECTION

I used to think healing meant forgetting him. Now I know it's remembering him.

If you're sitting in the quiet nights know this: The silence isn't loneliness. It's the sound of you coming home to yourself. The quiet nights aren't empty anymore. They're full of you. Your thoughts. Your dreams. Your name on the deed.

CHAPTER 5

FALLING FORWARD

You can be determined and still have bad days where you wake up missing them. Days where it feels like you're back at the beginning when you come across what used to be "our song" You can have a vision for your life without them and still feel lost without their text. You can know your purpose and still want to text them at 2am.

The worst part is, bad days make it feel like none of the good days counted. Like you're back at day 1. You're not. You're just having a bad day not a bad life.

That's what falling forward is all about. It's not about healing perfectly. It's about not staying on the floor when you fall. You keep moving even when it's messy.

You don't have to be healed to start moving. I spent weeks convinced that moving forward meant I had to be okay first. I was wrong. You don't wait for the fall to stop. You learn to fall forward. I wasn't ready to stand up. So I started falling forward instead. Messy, slow and not at all graceful-but forward.

Healing didn't look like what I thought it would. Even when I decided I was done waiting to heal, the bad days still came. I'd wake up heavy, cry in bed, get up 10 minutes later, and eat breakfast anyway. That's what falling forward felt like. It doesn't mean you never fall. It means you don't stay there.

Falling forward isn't pretending you're fine. It's not posting "I'm good" when you're not. It's eating breakfast with tears still wet on your face. It's answering "I'm okay" with a half smile and leaving it at that. It's going to work with puffy eyes and doing the thing anyway. It's replying to a friend's message with one sentence when you've got nothing left. It's listening to your playlist without skipping the song that hurts. It's falling asleep at 10pm instead of replaying everything that happened at 3am.

.... though I have fallen I will rise. Though I sit in darkness, the Lord will be my light. - Micah 7:8

For though the righteous fall seven times, they shall rise again-Proverbs 24:16

Though he may stumble he will not fall, for the Lord upholds him with his hand-Psalms 37:24

PRAYER

God some days getting up feels like too much. Thank you for meeting me there. When I fall, remind me I'm not stuck. Help me rise even if it's messy. Amen.

REFLECTION

Micah 7:8 says it best: Though I have fallen, I will rise.

Falling forward isn't about never falling. It's about remembering who picks you up when you do.

CHAPTER 6

GLOWING ANYWAY

If you're reading this and wondering if it ever stops hurting, it does. Not all at once.

I thought the break up would break me up for good but here's the thing about falling forward long enough-you start to glow, even if it's messy, even if it's slow.

I started noticing things. I laughed without forcing it. I got through a song without skipping it. I deleted some screenshots without thinking twice. I looked in the mirror and didn't hate what I saw. I wasn't healed. I was glowing anyway.

If you're reading this while sitting on the floor, still smelling their cologne on your hoodie and reading their letters, I see you. I was there too and I'm writing this to tell you:you don't have to be healed to start glowing. You just have to start.

Glow isn't the absence of pain,its choosing not to let it stop you.

And no, glowing anyway isn't about posting pictures for revenge or proving a point. It's quieter than that. It's the inner you coming back to life when no one's watching.

Small things that mean you're glowing anyway

1.Getting out of bed without negotiating with yourself for an hour- Not because it feels amazing but because you decide your day is yours again.

2. Eating a full meal and actually tasting it-Food stops being fuel you force down. It starts tasting like

food again.

3.Making a plan and following it through - Even if it was just meeting up with appointments or texting a friend back. It means consistency came back before confidence.

4.You hear a song and don't skip it - The memories didn't knock the wind out of you. That's progress.

5.Going for a whole day without checking their profile/socials

Not because you blocked them, but because you forgot. Your brain moved on to other things.

... to bestow on them a crown of beauty instead of ashes,the oil of joy instead of mourning, and a garment of praise instead of a spirit of despair.- Isaiah 61:3

PRAYER

God thank you for the small wins I almost missed. For the days I got up, ate and kept going. Keep bringing me back to myself. Let the glow be Yours in me. Amen.

REFLECTION

Glowing anyway isn't a finish line. It's proof you're still here, still choosing yourself, even when it's messy.

CHAPTER 7

THE THINGS THAT MADE ME

BREATHE

Breathing again meant I started noticing things that made me want to stay in the day. I woke up the other day and realized I hadn't felt like I was drowning all week. That's when the things that made me breathe started showing up.

THE THINGS THAT MADE ME BREATHE AGAIN

1. Sitting with my Bible open even when I wasn't reading it and when I had nothing to say-

I didn't pray long fancy prayers. Most nights it was just "God I don't know, I'm tired" and closing my Bible. But for 5 minutes the room felt less heavy.

Some days I had zero words for God and some days it felt heavy for words to come out. I'd just open it, sit there for 2 minutes, and close it again. That was enough to remind me I hadn't given up.

2. Letting one Christian song play all the way through without skipping. -

I didn't analyze the lyrics or pray through it. I just let Kari Jobe or Elevation Worship sit in the background whilst I did nothing else and for a few minutes the weight felt lighter.

3. Taking long walks without a destination

No podcast, no call. Just music and walking until my head felt quieter than when I started.

4. Waking up and not checking my phone first

The quiet was mine, not empty. For 10 mins, nobody needed anything from me.

5. Hearing a song all the way through

I used to skip every song that reminded me of them. I woke up the other day and I let it play. I didn't feel crushed.

THE PEOPLE WHO MADE IT POSSIBLE

It wasn't one big rescue.

It was my little sister showing up with innocent smiles and tiny cozy hugs. I love her so much- she's my world. She'd crawl into my bed without asking. She'd just lay there with her head on my chest, giving me the best hugs like she thought she could hold the world together for me. Hearing her laugh in the next room watching Bluey her favourite cartoon made my chest feel a little less tight.

It was my mum making bad jokes just to get me to roll my eyes and not sit in my thoughts. It was also her making food for me and sitting with me without telling me "I told you so". She knew I wasn't ready to talk, so she didn't push.

It was my neighbourhood friends making dumb jokes about everything, even this. They pulled me into their nonsense, and reminded me that life could still be normal for an hour.

It was my best friend calling, texting and reminding me she was there if I ever wanted to talk. I didn't always reply, but knowing she was there made the silence less scary.

None of them carried me out. But they stood close enough that I remembered I didn't have to crawl out alone.

They could sit with me, make me laugh, bring food. But when they left the room felt quiet again, the feeling would come back. That's when I realized they were just reminders. The actual choosing to breathe, to get up, to try again-that was on me.

I didn't feel fixed because of them. I felt safe enough to start fixing myself. Breathing got easier because I wasn't doing it alone.

It felt unfair. Like, "Why doesn't their presence fix it?" But it also meant my healing wasn't tied to them staying forever. It was mine to hold.

If you're reading this and you've got people like that, tell them. If you don't, I hope this reminds you that you're worth staying for.

This is what the sovereign Lord says to these bones: I will make breath enter you and you will come to life. ~ Ezekiel 37:5

PRAYER

God, thank you for the small things that reminded me that I'm still here. For the people who sat close enough that I didn't feel alone, and for the moments my lungs remembered to work. Keep breathing life back into me, one day at a time. Amen.

REFLECTION

Breathing again is proof you're coming back to yourself, one small choice at a time.

CHAPTER 8

THE REBOUND TRAP

Breathing again meant I had a choice. I could cover the crack back and go back to what was familiar or I could leave it open and let the light stay in.

For me, familiar looked like downloading the app again. Like telling myself "maybe this time it'll be different" and rushing into something new so didn't have to sit with the quiet.

The weird thing about breathing again is you start bargaining. One conversation won't hurt. It's not like I'm dating them. It's just talking it's not serious. It's just to feel normal again. That's how rebounds sneak in. They don't feel like going back. They feel like moving on.

Rebounds feel active. Real healing looks boring:sleeping early, watching a movie for 5 min and stopping.

For me a rebound felt like putting a bandage on a cut I hadn't cleaned yet. It stopped the bleeding for a day, but the mess was still there.

Not Rushing It

When I stopped rushing, I realised I wasn't missing out. I was finally catching up with myself.

The advantage of not rushing isn't that the pain vanishes. It's that you stop trading it for the same pain in a different package.

THE ADVANTAGES OF NOT RUSHING IT

1. You see patterns before you repeat them

When the noise stops, you notice : Oh I only text them when I feel lonely at night. That awareness is the whole game. Rushing makes the pattern invisible. You can't change what you won't admit.

2.You stop confusing distraction with healing

Rebounds, late night texting, constant notifications, constant texting-they feel like moving on. When you don't rush, you feel the difference. You get to feel okay without needing someone else to make you feel it for you.

3.You get space between the urge and the action

Before it was automatic: I feel lonely - I reach out-I feel better for a night. When you stop rushing that automatic line breaks. You get 10 minutes where you can choose and in that 10 minutes most urges pass. You learn you can feel it and not act from it. That's moving in for real.

4. You hear yourself again

Without someone else filling the room, you remember what you like, what you don't. You find out you like writing or singing. You notice what you hated in that relationship. You realize you want peace more than being wanted. You stop building your life around someone else's presence.

5. The next relationship starts clean

The biggest advantage shows up later. When you do date again, it's because you want them, not because you wanted to escape you.

Be still and know that I am God - Psalms 46:10

For everything there's a time and a season, and a time for every matter under heaven -
"Ecc 3:1

The Lord is good to those who wait for him, to the soul who seeks him. It is good that one should wait quietly for the salvation of the Lord-Lamentations 3:25-26

In quietness and trust shall be your strength- Isaiah 30:15

PRAYER

Lord, teach me to slow down. Help me stop mistaking distraction for healing and noise for peace. Give me courage to sit with myself, to see my patterns, and to trust that I'm not missing out when I'm waiting on You. Heal the parts of me that rush out of fear of being alone. Let the next step I take be from wholeness, not from escape. Amen.

REFLECTION

What's one pattern you notice when you stop rushing? And what might happen if you let that 10 minutes of space stay open next time.

CHAPTER 9

PREPARING TO DATE AGAIN

When I stopped rushing, I realized the next step wasn't finding someone. It was becoming someone I wouldn't lose in the process.

1.Can you be alone without feeling like you're missing out

If the thought of staying single for another 6 months makes you panic, you're not preparing to date - you're preparing to escape.

2. Are you attracted to people, or to the idea of being chosen

Check if you're more excited about them or about finally having someone text you back consistently.

3.What did the last relationship teach you

If you can't name 2-3 lessons, you'll probably repeat the same pattern with a new face. Preparing means you actually learned something.

4.Are your boundaries clear or you figure them out mid relationship?

You should know what you will and won't tolerate before emotions get involved. If you don't, you'll explain away red flags again.

5.Can you handle being rejected without spiraling?

Dating again means someone might not choose you. If that would undo all your progress, you're not ready. You need to be okay alone first.

6. Are you comparing everyone to your last person

If every new person feels like they're "not like them", you're still stuck. Preparing means letting the past person be the past.

7. What does a healthy relationship look like to you now?

Not what it looked like when you were 19, not what tiktok sells. Define it for yourself, based on who you are now.

8.Are you inviting God into this, or just asking him to bless your plan

There's a difference "God help me date right" and "God make this person like me" One keeps you open the other keeps you controlling.

9. Can you walk away if it's not right

If the idea of ending things feels impossible, you're not choosing someone - you're clinging to them. Preparation gives you the strength to leave what isn't good.

10. Let God make you whole before you ask someone else to love you

You don't date to find yourself. You date after you've found yourself.

Above all else guard your heart, for from it flows the fountain of life - Proverbs 4:23

PRAYER

God before I invite anyone else into my life, make me whole with you. Heal the parts of me that forget my worth. Teach me to want what's right, not just what's familiar. And when the time comes, let me meet someone from a place of peace, not a place of lack. Amen.

REFLECTION

What's one thing you need to heal or practice alone before you invite someone else into it.

CHAPTER 10

FOR YOU

If you're reading this, the story is over. But I'm not ready to close the book without saying thank you. You made it to the end with me. Stories only live when someone meets them halfway and you did that. Thank you for that.

This book started as a thought I wasn't sure if I was going to write and finish it. Some nights it felt too big, some parts felt personal. But knowing someone might pick it up, sit with it, and feel less alone in their own story is what kept me going.

I wrote this for the moments we don't talk about loud-the messy parts, the doubts, the small wins that feel huge when no one's watching. If any of it stayed with you, if it made you feel seen or gave you a reason to keep going, then it was worth every late night.

And I didn't get here alone.

To my little sister Samiey-thank you for just being there. Your presence made the hard days lighter without you even knowing. You reminded me that home is a person not a place. I love you so much mini me.

To my mom-You've been my rock. You're my best friend and the big sister I never had.

To my friend Stalin- Thank you for the kind words. Your words pushed me when I thought it wasn't enough, and I needed that more than you know.

To my best friend Mitchell-thank you for just being there emotionally. Love you!

To my former school mate, Herbet Mutanda-seeing you do it first made me believe I could too. You proved it was possible to write a book, and that was enough to start.

And to my ex-thank you for being the unexpected spark. You inspired parts of this book I wouldn't have written otherwise, and that push matters than you know.

This book belongs to all of you now. To the readers who gave it a chance, and to the people who carried me here.

Thank you for being part of it.

Until the next story,

Wilna Rutendo Kusare.